



THE SIGN OF QUALITY



*Asmailia*



D. M. REECARTIN, P.M.  
860 PARK AVE.,  
BRIDGEPORT, C.J.

CHARLES FROM  
ANCHOR LINE DOCK  
BUFFALO, N.Y.





I WENT TO DUNKIRK



I WISH I HAD

## ISMAILIA TEMPLE

A. A. O. N. M. S.

Oasis of Buffalo, N. Y.

A SPECIAL CEREMONIAL SESSION  
*will be held in the MASONIC TEMPLE at*  
**DUNKIRK, NEW YORK**  
TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1907;

following which we will attend the opening of *The Masonic Fair*, to be given at Dunkirk, N. Y., from February 12th to 23d inclusive, for the purpose of raising a fund to build a new Masonic Temple

### *ITINERARY*

Leave Buffalo, via Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry. (From N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. Depot) Special train at 1:30 P. M. Eastern Time.

Arrive Dunkirk, via the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry. 2:30 P. M. Eastern Time.

*Ceremonial Session, 3:30 P. M.      Traditional Banquet, 6:30 P. M.*

Returning, leave Dunkirk 11:50 P. M. Arrive Buffalo, 1:00 A. M.

Tickets may be procured from the Recorder at his office, Anchor Line Dock, Tuesday, February 12th, before 12:00 o'clock Noon, or at the depot before the departure of the 1:30 P. M. train on which the officers of Ismailia will go to Dunkirk.

### *ROUND TRIP RATE FROM BUFFALO, \$1.06 EACH*

Tickets, good going February 12th and returning on any train February 13th.

*BRING YOUR CARD—or commit this to memory*

'Tis yours to Stand outside the gate,  
There in the Wind to Watch and Wait  
Upon the Pavements Cold and Hard,  
IF YOU FORGET TO BRING YOUR CARD

*Attest:*  
CHAS. E. MARKHAM, Recorder

LLOYD L. WESTBROOK, Potentate

## *LISTEN!*

And it came to pass that early in the reign of Lloyd, Potentate of Ismailia, there were troubles divers and sundry upon the face of the moon.

Likewise there were lamentations, weepings, tribulations, wars and rumors of wars.

Moreover, the Philistines, unregenerated and unclean, gathered they themselves together without the gates of Ismailia and laid siege to its walls.

And with many drums and trumpets did they demand to be taken in and made clean.

And Lloyd the Pote, hearing great noises and disturbances without the gates of Ismailia, made inquiry thereof.

Then did the Philistines send unto the Potentate their mightiest men: men of war girded with all armor on.

And when they beheld the Potentate they fell upon their knees and begged to be received and made clean, so begged they all.

And the heart of Lloyd the Pote was moved with compassion for the beggars and forthwith summoned he his wise counselors, astrologers and magicians and held confab he with them and them with he.

Moreover, summoned he from the tribe of the Rabbans their famous gas man "Bill"; and from the Docks summoned he the notorious scribe; from the East called he Harry the Most Wise: and from the South came humping a camel

bearing the wily Sheik from Randoff: and from the valley of Chautauqua came many to the council, each with a thirst and a thirst with each.

And Lloyd the Pote gathered he them all together at the bars, and after partaking of a libation of "That's all," each in testimony of the solemnity of the occasion and to cool their overheated coppers, drank the alum solution flowing from the cast iron springs.

Wise counsel, hot air and other things prevailed and Lloyd the Pote, ruler of the tribes owing allegiance to Ismailia, cut loose this decree, yea, verily, did he cut loose, and the looseness with which he cut seemed noticeable.

He decreed, decreed he: "Gather ye all the tribes and on Duh'l Hajja, 12th month, 28th day Hegira 1324, which the Lake Shorians nominate as Tuesday, February 12th, and make ye a pilgrimage to the Oasis of Dunkirk and there pitch your tents for a time, gather ye in all the clans and make them most welcome, yea, verily, even may the stranger be taken in, but it is decreed that he shall contribute his mite (say about 50 mites shall he contribute) to the exchequer of the Faithful. This will be a **Fair Time** to go to Dunkirk at a small fare and each who goes will fare well and the trip will surely be to his well fare. Now therefore GO.

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### *Just a Minute, Noble*

Let us have a heart to heart talk, side by each. Establish in your think tank the fact that the blood of the Faithful is well enough for sentimental purposes but that it is the simoleons of the Candidate which replenish the maw of the Shrine, beget prosperity, build character, renovate human hearts, spread glory

over the field of life, please Allah, bring forth fond and lavish dreams to the hourii, add jest to the monotony of existence, replenish the rivers of milk, enable us to assume the proper swagger and furnish the euthanasia for the sundering of mundane ties. The propaganda of good fellowship is the great object of the Shrine, therefore bring a Candidate to be propagandized, be a good fellow and bring two, and have those two good fellows too.

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Knock and the world knocks with you,  
Boost and you boost alone,  
When you roast good and loud,  
You will find that the crowd  
Has a hammer as big as your own.

Buy, and the gang is with you,  
Renig and the game is all off,  
For the lad with the thirst  
Will see you first,  
If you don't proceed to cough.

Be rich and the push will praise you,  
Be poor and they'll pass the ice,  
Your a warm young guy  
When you start to buy,  
Your a slob when you haven't the price.

Be flush and your friends are many,  
Go broke and they say "Ta-Ta,"  
While your bank account burns  
You will get good returns,  
When it's out you will get the "Ha-Ha."

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A sweet little bud named Estelle,  
Remarked to another fair belle:  
"This weather we've had  
Is terribly bad,  
In fact it is hotter than, Pittsburg.

## To Candidates

### *Be on Time!*

The question is often asked, "How shall I dress?" Wear any clothes you have in the house except your wife's, mother's or sister's, also a broad smile, cork sole shoes and asbestos stockings.

Care should be taken that buttons, suspender buckles, or any other parts or pieces about your wearing apparel are not of a metallic substance that will attract electricity and melt with the excessive heat.

A leather or heavy canvas shirt is preferable to a linen one.

To avoid trouble with the Directors be sure to wear comparatively clean stockings, or at least those that have not been worn to exceed thirty consecutive days.

If you have corns, leave them at home, or check them at the coat room.

A bath is not necessary—we will send you home clean. That is one of the things you pay for.

If you have troubles, tell them to a policeman. The Director has plenty of his own.

When you strike the hot sands, be cool, as in this case the sands are supposed to contain all the heat.

Remember your own name. You will find this a very important matter when the roll is called.

Don't take an internal bath on general principles. You may be made to stand on your head and spill it.

Happiness is a habit. Cultivate it.

Rely not on thy friend's advice during this journey. Remember, he may be forgetful, or have wandering of the mind, or falling of the eyelid, or be afflicted with the inexcusable habit of "eating his bedding." Therefore, steer clear of him and paddle your own canoe.

When it is all over, if you are not satisfied, ask the Recorder to refund your money.

"The saint who enjoys the communion of heaven.  
The sinner who dares to remain unforgiven.  
The wise and foolish, the guilty and just,  
Would gladly mingle their presence with us."

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Don't kick if the sands are hot; you paid for the fuel. Kicking is bad form. Shriners never kick.

Don't request a seat; you'll get one before you leave, and you will remember it.

Don't get uneasy; you will get on easy street soon after you become a good Shriner—and there are no bad Shriners.

Look pleasant, even if you don't feel so; we don't want to consume time doing it over again.

Cancel all engagements for Wednesday; you may not be able to keep them. Even if you are able, you will want time for reflection.

Hold on; never mind what your friends say. It is always best to hold on to a good thing; and you will only get up against good things, and don't forget it.

You will be let off from everything that is likely to injure your health; and everything that is good for your health will be let off on you.

Get hot at the start—you'll have plenty of time to get cooled off before you're through.

Ask no questions. You will find out enough before you start for home.

Don't talk back. The camels will recognize your voice as strange and get their backs up.

Imagine you are having a photograph taken and you'll get an impression—somewhere.

You won't need to give the sign of distress—everybody will see it on your face.

Of all melancholy souvenirs  
The saddest to contemplate  
Is a railway pass of other years,  
Unused and out of date.

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Don't tell your wife where you are going—she will know when you get home that you have been somewhere—and so will you.

If you are too old to enjoy what you get, think of what you missed by not getting it earlier.

All things come to him who waits—it won't be long. Have patience—yours is coming.

If you don't get what you think you're entitled to, go out to the woods and tackle a hornet's nest.

Don't holler "Sick 'em!" It ain't good grammar—besides you may be "em" yourself.

Don't believe everything you see—you may think at the finish you were nutty.

If you are told to do anything, argue the point—our bunch is long on the argument business.

We have lawyers, professors, painters, grafters, and butchers in the Patrol; if they ask you to sing "Teasing," sing—it will be better for you.

You can change your mind any time during the Ceremonial—it will make no difference to the Patrol.

Don't holler "Ouch!" for in the Syrian tongue this means enough, and you are liable not to get your money's worth.

Don't criticise a man by his clothes. They may belong to his tailor still.

Don't have your notice sent to your home address marked "personal." It compels you to lie to your wife and this is prohibited in this body—unless necessary.

Once I was rich and all men came  
Submissive to my call,  
But in a moment's time, a blame  
Alarm clock spoiled it all.

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You can ask any questions during the work without fear—of being answered.  
Don't fail to pay before you ride.

Don't fail to make your will in anticipation of what may happen. When you are through you will not care what has become of your assets.

Don't get gay at the wrong time. There will be a gay time during the proceedings, and our ceremonial masters will let you know when it is your turn to laugh.

Don't get mulish. There will be a substitute for you in that respect.

Don't wonder at anything you see or that may happen to you. This isn't a Sunday school.

Don't get angry at anything. It may make it hard on your clothes.

You'll be glad you've done it—after you have.

Come expecting a joyous time, and if you don't have it, some one else will. We aim to teach unselfishness.

Requests for all we've got are unnecessary and should not be made. Save your breath for something that you won't get.

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The family horse remarked as the automobile sped by, "I see my finish." The sparrow in the tree over his head then said, "And when you are gone, I see mine."

## *Let Each Man Bring a Candidate*

The Potentate has said it—let each Noble do his work, We are going to have a meeting at the Oasis of Dunkirk, So calling fancy to my aid, I place my friends in line, And scan each anxious visage for that candidate of mine.

I light my pipe in silence and recall with pride how I Made the pilgrimage to Mecca o'er the desert parched and dry, How we scaled the lofty mountain, tumbled wildly down the slope, And strengthened and encouraged them who'd given up all hope.

I see in fancy's vision all the terrors of the way, See again the flames of hades turning night to lurid day; Hear the groans of tortured comrades, who have lagged too far behind, And I feel a kind of pity for that candidate of mine.

The shriek of former victims still is ringing in my ears, I hear their plea for mercy, see their blinding, bitter tears; See them fall in abject terror, praying Allah to be kind, And I know all that is coming to that candidate of mine.

But still I must insist that he shall join the caravan, For now's the time and here's the place to prove that he's a man; Perhaps a streak of yellow's painted clean across his spine, So I'll feel no throb of pity for that candidate of mine.

He has to drink a bitter cup to reach the cherished goal, He has to brave the burning sands and horrors manifold, He has to cling with drowning grip to rope of twisted twine, He has to put his life in pawn—this candidate of mine.

He has to do a lot of things I cannot mention here, He has to prove he's full of nerve and quite devoid of fear; So fill your glasses to the brim and drink in sparkling wine To him who's brave enough to be—that candidate of mine.

The wife of one of our Nobles went on a visit to some relatives and as she did not return in six weeks he sent them the following bill:

DR.

To use of my wife six weeks .....	\$ .75
To causing a vacancy in my bed .....	500.00
To creating a separation without legal divorce .....	175.00
To making me look after the children .....	200.00
To temptation to my morals .....	1.25
To drinks taken to keep me company .....	27.15
To discharging one chambermaid and trying three new ones .....	3.75
To profanity caused .....	.85

CR.

By shipping back my wife .....	\$908.75
By keeping her away from bargain sales here .....	\$ .75
By ice cream and candy saved during her absence .....	225.00
By one extra kiss from her at the depot on her return .....	43.00
By getting no lectures or back talk in six weeks .....	.12
	350.00
Balance due .....	\$618.87
	\$289.88

#### *ISN'T IT TRUE THAT*

Of all the insidious temptation invidious  
Contrived by the Devil for pulling men down,  
There is none more delusive, seductive, abusive  
Than the snare to a man with his wife out of town?  
  
He feels such delightfulness, stay-out-all-nightfulness,  
Sure-to-get tightfulness;  
'Tis one without pain, a bachelor rakishness,  
What will you takishness, noine can explain.  
  
His wife may be beautiful, tender and dutiful,  
'Tis not that her absence would cause him delight,  
But the damn'd opportunity, baleful immunity,  
Scatters his scruples as day scatters night.

#### *As I See*

An heiress is never too old to marry.  
Bird seed is the proper bait for flying fish.  
It is wrong to bet if you don't better yourself.  
You may push a pen but a pencil must be lead.  
Many men are like a match—they have no head.  
Love laughs at locksmiths but never at wedlock.  
Poetry is the best ammunition for magazine guns.  
A woman never holds a hand mirror up to ridicule.  
The best rule for shoemakers is clearly the foot-rule.  
A bright young widow generally has Engaging manners.  
A man generally calls the baby what his wife names him.  
A jewel of consistency is often of the consistency of paste.  
Some people cannot distinguish between Chopin and chop-suey.  
The brightness of some men is eclipsed by the lustre of his nose.  
The day before pay-day is the longest day in the average man's life.  
If you can't raise a mustache you won't be afflicted with a hair lip.  
Pit a man's logic against woman's tears and the result is inevitable.  
It is easy for a drunken man to make a full apology for his conduct.  
All this kick about graft—you can't raise fruit successfully without it.  
The unprogressive chap is the only one who enjoys progressive euchre.  
The letter "u" should ever be happy since it is always in the midst of fun.  
Some people would break the scales if they were to weigh every word they say.

The average clerk generally yells "cash!" before one has time to get out the money.

The man belonging to the Free Speech Club must resign before he gets married.

Instead of having life insurance men on the stand, seemingly they have them on the run.

The baby of the Bigger family is the biggest because he is a little Bigger—than the rest.

The husband whose wife gets after him with a poker finds himself ruled with a rod of iron.

King Solomon was thinking of his many wives when he exclaimed: "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity!"

Shrewd waiter, when notified that there were two flies in the soup he had brought, said that most likely they were twins.

His Satanic majesty's stronghold has been bombarded from time immemorial, but he is such a tenacious fellow that he still holds the fort.

Should a "Daughter of the Revolution" marry a "Son of a Gun?"

The most exquisite pleasure on earth, is to scratch the place that itches.

If thy daughter ask thee what kind of a husband she shall get, say unto her: "Leave the Husbands alone and get a single man."

There are other things besides money, but somehow it takes money to get them.

Boy—"Pa, what is a Traditional Banquet?" Pa—"Son, a keg surrounded by Shriners."

He—"if 32° is freezing point, what is squeezing point?" She—"Two in the shade."

Husband—"I should like to have one good, long smoke without your interference." Wife—"You'll have plenty of time for that after you're dead, William."

Teacher asking boy in history lesson—"When did George Washington die?" Boy—"I declare, I never knew he was sick."

The great similarity in doctors and lawyers—you go to both to recover.

Meyer—There goes the luckiest man in town. Stein—Why is he so lucky, did he speculate well? Meyer—No, he and I both courted the same girl—he was jilted—and I married her.

That rich Jones is too stingy to live. The only thing he ever parted with was a comb.

A lady of the chorus writes: "Young man whom I do not know has sent me a box of silk stockings." "Whom do you suspect?" "Are they your size?" "Yes." "Then his love is sincere."

"I have an engagement to take a theatrical lady to dinner. What should I order?" Answer: A guardian!

## *Awful Blunder*

A short time ago a Noble of Ismailia made the mistake of his life, one which will doubtless cost him the affection of one who is dearer to him than all the world. It was this way: The young man, accompanied by his sister, visited a store to purchase a gift for his sweetheart. It was to be a birthday present. Not wishing to give her anything trifling he decided to give her a pair of gloves and made his purchase accordingly, while his sister bought a pair of fancy stockings for herself. Both packages were wrapped alike. In some way the bundles got mixed and the man, not knowing the awful mistake, sent his sweetheart the fancy stockings accompanied by the following note: "Dearest—I hope you will enjoy this little present instead of something foolish. Oh, how I wish that no other hands than mine would ever touch them after you put them on, but I know dear that such a wish is vain. A score of fellows may touch them when I am not by your side and other eyes may see them on the street and at parties. I bought the longest pair I could get and if they are too long, you can let them wrinkle down. A great many of the girls wear them slipped down a little. Always wear them at parties, I want to see how they fit. Some fellows have dirty hands and are likely to soil them, but you can clean them with benzine if you leave them on till they dry. I hope they will not be too small. Blow in them before you put them on.

From Your Loving ——".

The engagement is off and the young man is hiding from the father of the "Dearest one."

Moral: Always look inside a box before you send it away.

Who? Guess.

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"For life's like a plank of driftwood,  
Tossed on the watery main;  
Another plank encounters, touches, parts again.  
'Tis thus with us, on life's unresting sea,  
We meet, greet and sever, drifting eternally."

### *The Camel's Complaint*

Two lonesome Skunks by the roadside stood,  
As an automobile rushed by;  
It left an odor far from good,  
And a tear was in one's eye.  
"Why do you weep?" asked his anxious friend,  
"Why do you sob and quake?"  
"Because that smell," said the other Skunk,  
"Sounds like one that Mother used to make."

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One day Adam returned home very tired and discouraged. He had thrown clubs all the afternoon, and brought down only two measly cocoanuts, and it was Hard Times. Putting his dinner pail in a niche in the cave, he turned crossly towards Eve, and asked:

"Was that a serpent I just saw leaving this house?"

"Why no," said Eve, not noticing the jealousy in his tone, "It was only little Abel raising Cain over the rocks with the lawn hose."

"Good thing!" snorted Adam. "I hate snakes."

But Eve was too happy to heed his jealousy. Bubbling over with delight, she came forward with something brown and smoking in her hands. Hitching around her goatskin to make it set straight, she cried in glee:

"See, Adam, what I've made! A pie! A great, fat pie! Isn't it lovely? Oh, you needn't say that it isn't like what your mother used to make. Just smell of it. Isn't it glorious?"

"What sort of pie?" growled Adam.

"Why," said Eve, blushing, "Apple."

"Great Caesar! I hate apples," roared Adam, and he whipped on his hat and rushed off into the brush, where they heard him swearing and thrashing about for four whole days and a night.

The moral of this is that the wise housekeeper always consults the early tastes of those whom she entertains.

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Some foxy ones who never work  
Still make the greatest showing;  
The rooster never lays an egg,  
But still does all the crowing.

Canary birds feed on sugar and seed;  
Parrots have crackers to crunch;  
And as for the poodles, they tell me the noodles  
Have chicken and cream for their lunch.  
But there's never a question  
About my digestion—  
Anything does for me.

Cats you're aware, can repose in a chair;  
Chickens can roost upon rails,  
Puppies are able to sleep in a stable,  
And oysters can slumber in pails;  
But no one supposes  
A poor camel dozes—  
Any place does for me.

Lambs are enclosed, where it's never exposed;  
Coops are constructed for hens;  
Kittens are treated to houses well heated,  
And pigs are protected by pens;  
But a camel comes handy  
Wherever it's sandy—  
Anywhere does for me.

People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,  
Or mounted the back of an ox.  
It's nobody's habit to ride on a rabbit  
Or try to bestraddle a fox  
But as for a camel, he's  
Ridden by families—  
Any load does for me.

A snake is as round as a hole in the ground,  
And weasels are wavy and sleek;  
And no alligator could ever be straighter  
Than lizards that live in a creek.  
But a camel's all lumpy  
And bumpy and humpy—  
Any shape does for me.

# ISMAILIA TEMPLE

A. A. O. N. M. S.

OFFICIAL DIVAN FOR 1907

## ELECTED

LLOYD L. WESTBROOK . . . . .	<i>Illustrious Potentate</i>
WILLIAM S. RISELAY . . . . .	<i>Chief Rabban</i>
HARRY W. CRABBS . . . . .	<i>Assistant Rabban</i>
WILLIAM L. ALEXANDER . . . . .	<i>High Priest and Prophet</i>
MARTIN H. BLECHER . . . . .	<i>Oriental Guide</i>
CHARLES F. BISHOP . . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>
CHARLES E. MARKHAM . . . . .	<i>Recorder</i>

## REPRESENTATIVES

ILL. GEORGE L. BROWN, (Ad vitam)	
ILL. LLOYD L. WESTBROOK,	
NOBLE WILLIAM S. RISELAY,	
NOBLE JOEL H. PRESCOTT,	
NOBLE HARRY W. CRABBS.	

## TRUSTEES

JOEL H. PRESCOTT,	GEORGE P. WILKINS.
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## RECEPTION COMMITTEE

GEORGE L. BROWN, <i>Chairman</i>	
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## FINANCE COMMITTEE

WILLIAM D. DOHERTY, <i>Chairman</i>	
ALVIN W. DAY	GEORGE H. McMICHAEL

## NECROLOGY COMMITTEE

FRANK T. GILBERT, <i>Chairman</i>	
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## COMMANDER OF DRILL CORP

HERBERT I. SACKETT	
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## PAST IMPERIAL POTENTATE

ILL. GEORGE L. BROWN	
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## PAST POTENTATES

JACOB STERN	GEORGE L. BROWN
FRANK T. GILBERT	*CHARLES W. CUSHMAN
ERASTUS C. KNIGHT	THOMAS PENNEY
WALTER D. GREENE	WILLIAM H. LYONS

\*Deceased

## HONORARY MEMBERS

FIELD, CHARLES L.,	San Francisco, Cal.	May 29, 1891
LODER, GEORGE F.,	Rochester, N. Y.	Dec. 30, 1887
LUCE, FRANK M.,	Chicago, Ill.	May 29, 1891
STYLES, WILLIAM L.,		May 29, 1891
COLLINS, HENRY A.,	Toronto, Ont.	Dec. 20, 1905

## APPOINTED

JOHN T. CLARIS . . . . .	<i>First Ceremonial Master</i>
J. ARTHUR C. DODGE . . . . .	<i>Second Ceremonial Master</i>
WILLIAM DEMPSTER . . . . .	<i>Director</i>
GEORGE P. WILKINS . . . . .	<i>Assistant Director</i>
FRANK A. ROGERS . . . . .	<i>Assistant Director</i>
CLARK H. HAMMOND . . . . .	<i>Assistant Director</i>
JOHN E. MURPHY . . . . .	<i>Assistant Director</i>
WALTER C. NICHOLS . . . . .	<i>Assistant Director</i>
JOHN LEY . . . . .	<i>Assistant Director</i>
GEORGE F. DIEMER . . . . .	<i>Assistant Director</i>
WILLIAM R. BOTSFORD . . . . .	<i>Assistant Director</i>
LOREN H. BROOKS . . . . .	<i>Assistant Director</i>
ADELBERT W. CUMMINGS . . . . .	<i>Assistant Director</i>
FRED E. POTTER . . . . .	<i>Assistant Director</i>
CHARLES R. GIBSON . . . . .	<i>Assistant Director</i>
L. J. SHUTTLEWORTH . . . . .	<i>Assistant Director</i>
JAMES E. PAXON . . . . .	<i>Assistant Director</i>
GEORGE M. FOX . . . . .	<i>Assistant Director</i>
HENRY C. HULSHOFF . . . . .	<i>Assistant Director</i>
NORMAN B. ALLEN . . . . .	<i>Assistant Director</i>
WILLIAM O. RUTHERFORD . . . . .	<i>Chief of Arab Patrol</i>
HERBERT I. SACKETT . . . . .	<i>Electrician</i>
GEORGE REIMANN . . . . .	<i>Alchemist</i>
HUGH A. SLOAN . . . . .	<i>Assistant Alchemist</i>
JOHN A. MC LAUGHLIN, JR. . . . .	<i>Captain of the Guard</i>
WILLIAM CHRISTIAN . . . . .	<i>Outer Guard</i>
JOHN MALCOLM . . . . .	<i>Master of Wardrobe</i>
HENRY M. MARCUS . . . . .	<i>Musical Director</i>
ULYSSES S. THOMAS . . . . .	<i>Organist</i>

## Special Announcement

 SMAILIA TEMPLE will give a Grand Reception and Ball at Convention Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., on Thursday Evening, April 11, 1907. A feature of the evenings' entertainment will be an exhibition drill by our Uniformed Arab Patrol. Tickets, admitting one gentlemen and two ladies, are being prepared and will be sent you for disposal within a few days. The price of tickets is \$5.00.